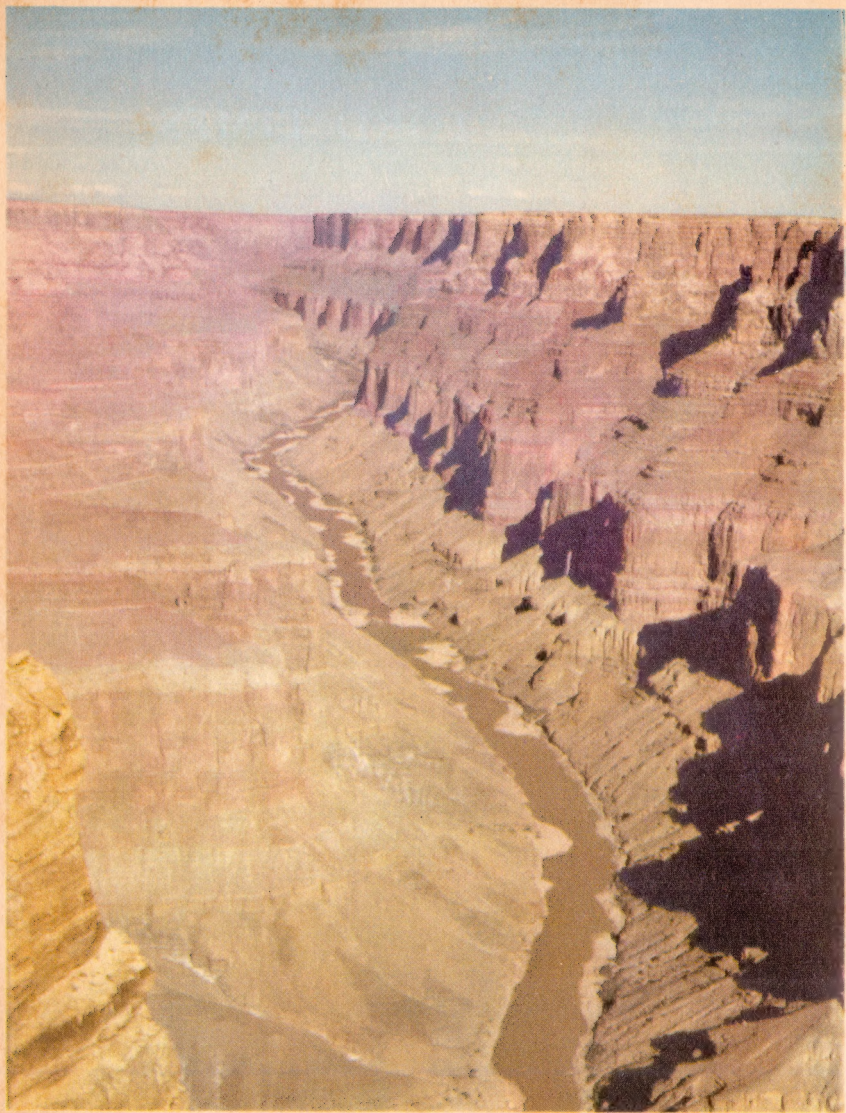


FORD TIMES

august 1954





From Cape Solitude—photograph by Lester Womack. (See page 19.)

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Some Guesses on the Car of the Future

by William D. Kennedy, Editor

THE CROWDS around the experimental "dream cars" prove that Americans are keenly interested in what's around the corner in car design. Public response, pro and con, is helpful to our designers, but the forces that mold the car of the future are complex, massive and slow moving.

These forces can best be understood if we take the conventional sedan as a starting point and then proceed to note the present departures from this model. Of these there are at least four.

First, there have been discussions about a small, low-cost family sedan. We listened carefully, because we made the Model A—remember? It made history; naturally we wondered if history were going to repeat. We imported some English Fords. One of these models, for a time, sold for a shade over \$1,000 at seaboard, a better buy than we could offer in a U.S.-produced car without large volume. The volume just wasn't there. "It's the competition," reported our dealers. The competition was the \$1,000 used car on their own lots. We haven't found the answer to this volume-price problem.

Second, there is the high-performance sports car. We are just bringing one out, called the Thunderbird, and it's a honey. One man thinks the sports car might sweep the market the way it has swept the shows; another argues that it will always remain a small-volume hobby item. Both agree that it may have some influence on conventional design.

Third is the hard-top. Our Crestliner, with its low silhouette and smart styling, has sky-rocketed in popularity—but is this a basic change in body design? Isn't it the 2-door with extra glamour, the esthetic element in a broad upgrading of the volume-priced family car, an upgrading which also includes such comfort and roadability features as ball-joint suspension, power steering, power brakes, and power seat controls, previously available only in higher-priced cars?

The fourth and last departure from the conventional sedan has had a curious history. In Britain it is called the estate car; in this country, the station wagon. We are now building four separate steel-body models: two Ranch Wagons, the four-door Country Sedan and the wood-trimmed Country Squire. I like this family of models in the race for public preference, but I may be prejudiced because Ford has so long dominated the station wagon market. Naturally, no one expects it to replace the sedan, but the race could be close.

The first station wagons were, in fact, estate cars, built of wood by independent coach makers for the owners of Long Island, New Jersey and Rhode Island estates. Long after we started making the bodies ourselves, they remained the casual cars of a few first families. Then, just before World War II, they began to "go national"; in a few years our production jumped from ten to sixty a day.

Encouraged by this, our designers built a series of experimental steel bodies, hoping to overcome the disadvantages of all-wood, but the market didn't grow quite enough to justify tooling-up for steel. After the war, steel shortages forced us to continue wood until 1952, when we brought out a steel body with other changes that radically modified the old station wagon. These included rear seats that folded down to form a continuous platform, improved hardware to open and close the rear door, surplus power, improved weight distribution and, probably most important of all, handsome body lines which, thanks to the high, extended taillights, avoided the box-like appearance which has spoiled so many other designs.

These improvements were so radical that it took some time to gauge public response. In fact, the discovery period still

continues. A few months ago our Consumer Research Department invited 200 typical car owners to inspect a Ranch Wagon and answer several dozen questions about it. Then these same people test-drove the car and were again asked the same questions; the result was a big jump in the preference index. During the current model year we have been obliged to increase the proportion of these models to other body styles six different times in our production schedules—and they are still in short supply. Owner loyalty has been consistently high.

As a result of various studies and surveys, we now have a fairly clear picture of the make-up of the primary market for this family of cars. It boils down to six categories as follows:

(1) *Families with summer homes and cottages* ("We carry a lot of stuff, like furniture, that's too big for the luggage compartment.")

(2) *Sportsmen* (for bulky camping equipment, dog-kennels, guns, fishing tackle, small boats, outboard motors, plus comfortable sleeping space for emergencies.)

(3) *Car-pools* (for going to and from school or work; this sometimes involves a third seat.)

(4) *Two-car families* ("Anybody able to afford two cars would certainly want something as practical as this for one.")

(5) *Business and civil uses* (ambulances, Red Cross rescue cars, Fire Department personnel cars, hundreds of delivery uses with the vehicle doubling as a family car, salesmen-demonstrators of large items such as office equipment and home power tools, rolling stores, photographers' and artists' studios, bands and orchestras, and summer camp caravans—these are just a few of many.)

(6) *Families with young children* (A powerful motive here is the growing number of injuries sustained by young children when standing or playing beside the driver in conventional cars, caused by emergency braking or a crash. In the station wagon a safe play area is made by throwing a blanket over the turned-down second seat; sometimes a floor pad is added.)

This primary market is expanding steadily. With the ever-broadening base of national prosperity, more people have more

possessions to cart around. Families are larger, and children participate increasingly in adult activities, like shopping and week-end trips. Participation sports like camping, hunting and fishing continue to gain over spectator sports. As population surges toward the suburban greenbelt, more of us need two cars. City families want more summer cottages.

Moreover there is a multitude of marginal cases in addition to the six categories described above. Most Americans like to go places and they often want to take a lot of things with them.

Do you remember when there was no place to put stuff but on your lap? Later came the accordion-type, clamp-on, metal gimmick for the running board, which kept getting loose or bent. Then the tire-storage bin in back, with a little extra space for luggage, expanding into the big modern luggage compartment.

Even then car-owners weren't satisfied. They complained, "There often isn't enough space back there when we need it, and it steals too much space from the passengers when we don't need it. Isn't some sort of flexible compromise possible?" There is, and now we have it.

Of course, few car buyers are influenced solely by practical considerations. Pride of ownership responds to the esthetics of good design. Furthermore, psychologists tell us that the "reputational" or "prestige" factor weighs heavily in the selection of a new car. They mean that whether we admit it or not, we ask ourselves what the neighbors will say when they see our new car in the driveway.

Here the station wagon occupies a unique position. For many, many years it was garaged, fender to fender, with the chauffeur-driven limousines of the first families, and now that the limousine has all but disappeared, it boasts the only true aristocratic lineage of any model.

It alone is to the manor born, yet its essential practicality saves it from any snob or social-climber stigma. It has always stood high among those who are so untroubled about their social standing that they can afford to be practical.

Add all these factors together and you can see why we are watching the progress of this model, or family of models, with such keen interest. ■

Wide Ranging Ranch Wagon

photographs: upper, Sargent Collier;
lower, Hugh Ackroyd

DISTANT lands and climates are no barriers to the Ranch Wagon, which today has penetrated into practically every corner of the world. The photographs at right show two of the extremes encountered daily by this versatile car, and the Country Sedan and Country Squire as well.

The upper view is at the Toltec pyramids of Teotihuacan, near the Pan American Highway about thirty miles from Mexico City. The two vaqueros shown looking with approval at this modern form of transportation are direct descendants of the ancient Toltecs who were among the earliest tribe to invade Mexico.

The scene below shows a Ranch Wagon in Fairbanks, Alaska, after a winter trip up the Alaska Highway during which it met temperatures as low as sixty below zero. The going under these conditions is especially difficult because of highway ice. Truck drivers say traffic sets up vapor trails similar to those made by high-flying airplanes, and that the vapor then condenses and forms a slippery deposit of ice crystals on the road. The extra weight of the Ranch Wagon was given much of the credit for reducing this hazard.

The girl at the wheel is a candidate for Fairbanks' Fur Festival Queen, and the other is a past contender. The parkas worn by the girls are the work of a local furrier and cost up to \$500 each. The mukluks, or fur boots, can be bought for about \$35 per pair. ■



New Hampshire's Craftsman's Fair

photographs by Eric Sanford

ONE of the valuable lessons to be learned from a visit to the annual Craftsman's Fair in New Hampshire is that a souvenir of a trip needn't always be confined to such items as balsam pillows.

Not only does the Fair display the wide variety of useful and beautiful objects made throughout the state, but a good many of the craftsmen themselves are on hand to demonstrate the actual manufacture.

The lower picture on the opposite page shows Jesse Blackstone of Concord coloring the handsome and authentic birds which he carves from wood. The upper picture shows a few of the other items on display. The drop-leaf table is a good example of the traditional design for which New England is noted, while the table and chairs at the left, as well as the dishes, show that New Hampshire craftsmen can match the finest in contemporary design. Every object in the picture, including the fine braided rug and the painting on the wall, was made in New Hampshire.

The League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts, which operates the Fair, is a state-sponsored organization which unites the state's best craftsmen, maintains the high standards of the products, helps in marketing, and runs an educational program. Throughout the year it operates thirteen home industries shops in various parts of the state.

The Fair is being held from August 3 through 7 at the Belknap Recreation Area, near the town of Gilford in the region of Lake Winnepesaukee. ■



My Favorite Town:

Broken Arrow, Oklahoma

by Clyde Carley . . . paintings by Charles Banks Wilson

WE BEGAN by trying to buy a house in Broken Arrow before we left New York. We'd never seen either the town or the house—but we knew Oklahoma and trusted Cal Tinney's judgment of what we'd like. And our sight-unseen faith has been justified.

Broken Arrow was named by the Creek Indians who came from a town in Georgia they called by the same name. Ours was a perky little village when Oklahoma was still Indian Territory; and five years old when statehood came in 1907.

Bird McGuire, who orated for Congress to admit Oklahoma, said, "It is one of the few places left where can be found the high-heeled boot, the six-shooter, and the bucking bronco."

General stores, hardwares and shoe shops here continue to display boots, saddles and man-sized hats, and they sell them to men making proper use of such merchandise, although the six-gun trade is pretty slow. Broken Arrow citizens, at that, would never tolerate a Sullivan Law forbidding them to keep a Colt pacifier at home—just in case.

You can stand on top of the old Indian mound (now Reservoir Hill) and see the entire community of Broken Arrow on the cloudiest day, if you have the patience to wait for a cloudy day. Most of the business houses line Main Street, south from the grade school to the old Katy Railroad depot; no building is over two stories high except the feed and grain elevator, for

Above right: A view of Broken Arrow from Reservoir Hill.

Below right: "The Kentucky Colonel" was built in 1907.



space is at not great premium. High-gabled homes with spacious porches have prairie-like lawns on all sides, and both nature and early planters were generous with shade trees.

The proud black water tower on its 200-foot steel stilts is daubed with a roughly lettered sign: "B.A. Seniors '52"—put there by schoolboys who must show their daredeviltry by branding the tallest thing in town. What good is a boy who never climbed a water tower?

We asked Neal Clark, former editor of the weekly *Ledger* and owner of the house we finally did buy—which will probably be known as "the Clark house" for years—about the door keys when we accepted the deed. He seemed regretful and a little puzzled over this. "Guess we've lost those keys," he said. "Nobody ever locks their doors in Broken Arrow."

At Dill's 2nd-Hand Store I bought a gas heater. The old gentleman had seen me in his place only once before. He loaded the heater in my car, saying, "Oh, pay me when you get around to it—or when I holler," after I'd explained a case of "the shorts" from house-buying. When I got around to it, he had to be reminded who I was; then he dug out the "bill," which was a blank check torn in half, marked "Carly" (as a guess) and the amount due—no signature. When I remarked on his bookkeeping, he snorted, "Hell, if a man's going to beat me, he'll do it anyway, no matter what he signs."

What made me sure that we had picked a town with the right kind of people was the matter of finishing the drafty garage into an "office" and another bedroom. We could afford knotty pine, a Celotex ceiling and full insulation, it seemed, if I did the carpenter work myself. At the combination lumber yard-home furnishings store, I grumbled appropriately over today's prices on building materials and some new tools required. When the deliveryman beat me home, I started to grumble more because the stepladder, hand-sander and plane I'd ordered were definitely not new.

"He didn't think you had enough work," the deliveryman explained, "to get your money's worth out of new tools, so



The old section of town is shaded by pecan trees→

he had me go by his house and pick up these to loan you."

After ten years in New York, this sort of thing is almost a shock. It extended to Postmaster Jesse Walker, who cashed a check for me after the banks were closed. And to the night marshall who insisted I use his telephone (with its junior-size firebell which he can hear if he happens to be down the block for coffee) when I asked about a pay phone. And to neighbors generally who aren't so nosey about what you're doing as what they can do for you.

The pursuit of happiness seems not strained in Broken Arrow. It grew under a philosophy of giving happiness a chance to catch up with you. There's always a group of elder citizens, some bearded, most of them chewing or smoking thoughtfully, talking quietly, on the sunny corner by Hunsecker's Store, which has been there since 1904.

What's for excitement? Why, there are pie suppers, box suppers, church socials, singing conventions, turkey shoots, Bank Night at Nusho's Theater, two trains a day at the Katy depot, occasionally a farm auction, and a drive-in theater.

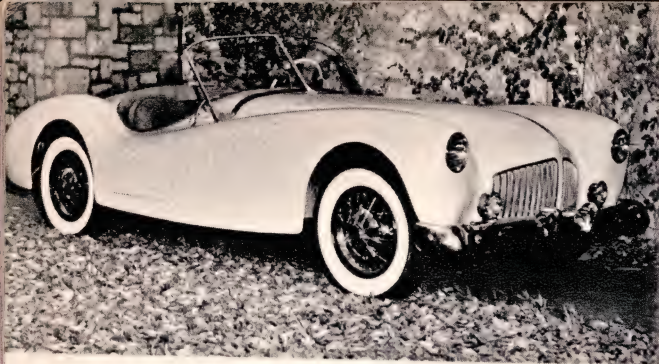
Broken Arrow's a hot football town, although attracting less rabid fans than those encountered by the team of 1910 at Vinita. Bad enough that Broken Arrow was getting beat; when they did threaten to score, Vinita rooters lined up just over their goal line with clubs, stones and ripe eggs and dared the Tigers to cross. They did, and the free-for-all was still being settled as the Tigers' train pulled away from the Vinita depot.

Here's a place where youngsters wander barefoot along creek banks in summertime, and a town where people assume you are honest until proved otherwise. Every cash register in town has pads of blank checks in easy reach of customers, and they usually fill out the checks in pencil.

A short drive north of here is Will Rogers' home town. I've always considered Will Rogers just a typical Oklahoman with extra showmanship, his genial counterpart to be found in this section by the score, and the general practicing of his philosophies making it a little better place to live. ■

This Shetland pony farm is half a mile from town→





Custom Conversions

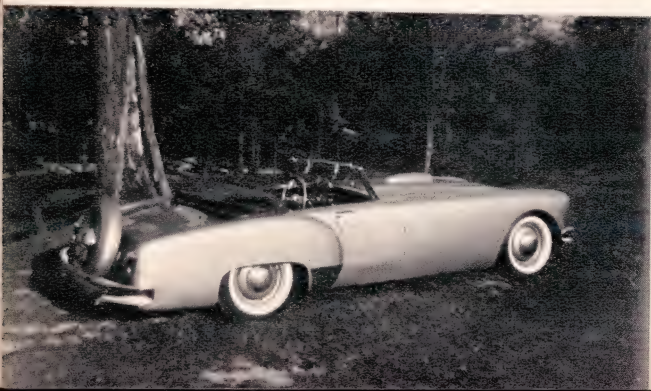
"Do It Yourself" Boys Build Roadsters

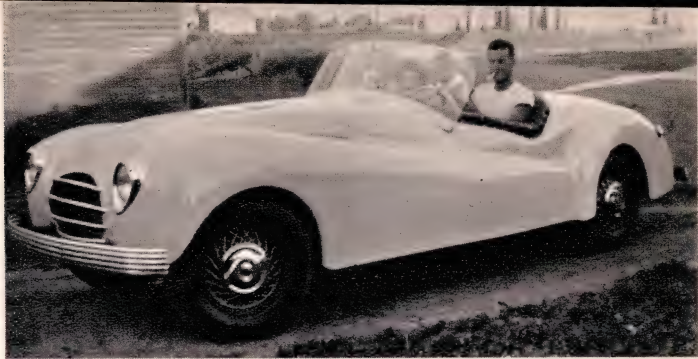
by Burgess H. Scott

THE growing popularity of roadsters and sports cars is reflected in the examples of amateur car restyling that come to the attention of this department. These photographs show four cars from as many widely separated

states that exhibit this trend.

The car above was assembled at Modern Motors, the Ford dealership in St. Joseph, Missouri, from standard Ford or Mercury parts with the exception of the glass fiber body which was supplied by





a California firm. The Mercury engine is speed equipped; wheelbase is 101 inches with an overall length of 159 inches, and top speed is estimated at 140 mph.

Theodore A. Ongena of Lapeer, Michigan, built the car at lower left on a 1939 Ford chassis, using parts from eleven different makes in its construction. The engine is a 1946 Ford re-bored to .080 with 8 to 1 compression ratio heads. Cowl height is 36 inches and the highest point with top up is 40 inches.

Curtis W. Thomas built the car

above in Arlington, South Dakota, from a 1940 Ford convertible. The chassis and engine are stock and the fender fairing and additional body panels were hand-formed from 18-gauge sheet steel. The car is upholstered in gray and red leatherette.

A wrecked '51 Ford with overdrive was the basis for the car below, built by Garner Jones of Lamesa, Texas. The wheelbase was shortened to 100 inches and the body was built from parts of several makes of cars. The top lets down behind the seats. ■





Cape Solitude Expedition

story and photographs by Lester Womack

IT IS COLD and clear, as only a November morning in the high plateau country of northern Arizona can be, as we follow the East Rim Drive. The sun is just coming up—promising a perfect day for our all-out attempt to drive to Cape Solitude, one of the most spectacular and inaccessible points in Grand Canyon National Park.

This is our fourth try. Once our vehicle overheated from low-gear driving; once we didn't have enough power; again, we couldn't find a passage through the deep side canyons. This time we are confident, for our vehicle is an F-1 Ford V-8 pickup with heavy-duty fan and radiator, four-speed transmission, and 7:00 x 16 tires for extra clearance.

From the edge of the Coconino Plateau we look out over hundreds of square miles of canyon country. North of us a scant ten airline miles we can make out the canyon of the Little Colorado coming in from the east at Two Rivers Junction. Just above it is Cape Solitude.

At Desert View Campground we load up with rocks to give us more traction for the rough roads, and no roads, ahead. On a Park fire road we start dropping off the plateau down a series of switchbacks. In five miles we lose 2,000 feet elevation, and our road is soon reduced to faint wagon tracks. We are driving in second and low, with the worst still ahead. We pick our way around the side canyons to avoid as much roadbuilding as we can. At last we are out on the canyon rim, looking down on the muddy Colorado, above Lava Canyon Rapids. We are only two and a half airline miles from Cape

Above left: Ours was the first motor vehicle to reach Cape Solitude. Below left: Two Rivers Junction; Little Colorado coming in at right.



← *Downstream on the Colorado, from Cape Solitude.*

Solitude—but hard to tell how many road miles! Much backtracking and circuitous driving have put nearly sixty miles on the speedometer since Desert View, and the hard pulling in compound gear has used a lot of our precious fuel. There is now no sign of man—no bottles, cans, or that exotic bush, the Kleenex flower. This country is as clean as in the beginning of time, and beautifully desolate. All at once we come to a sharp break in the limestone—it's the canyon of the Little Colorado! We drive to the left, and we are at Cape Solitude.

We rush to the rim and look straight down 3,457 feet to Two Rivers Junction. Night is already creeping into the bottom of the canyon, but we can clearly see the muddy, silt-laden Colorado, with the Little Colorado coming in as a ribbon of turquoise-colored water. How fortunate we are! This stream is nearly always red from the erosion of floods; very few persons have seen it display this blue water from the Blue Springs, fourteen miles upstream, which the Hopi Indians call "The Entrance to Hell," because of their brackish water and the putrid smell of hydrogen sulfide. Travertine lime gives the water its blue color.

The night has turned quite cold and we lounge around our campfire soaking up the heat, too excited to sleep and too tired to sit up. Finally we sack out, a coyote howls in the distance, and we dream of riding over great piles of boulders.

It's morning already! We eat breakfast and break camp hurriedly, to be ready for the unveiling: the pink light of sunrise fades into the brilliant light of early morning, and the Canyon's dramatic procession of color changes begins. Then, at mid-morning, the sun finally invades the very bottom of the gorge and strikes the blue water of the Little Colorado with a splash of color never to be forgotten.

We are lucky indeed—two of the very few men to have seen Cape Solitude, the only two to have driven there in a motor vehicle, and perhaps the only ones to have photographed the Little Colorado adding a final touch of blue-green to the familiar, yet always glorious, colors of Grand Canyon. ■

← *North rim of Grand Canyon, above Lava Canyon.*



Beach Buggies on Cape Cod

story and photographs by William L. Searle

THE LONG, sandy stretches of Cape Cod, and the excellent fishing off its shores—pollack, bluefish, and the mighty striped bass—are an enticement to the Massachusetts fisherman. But to the married fisherman with young children, a problem is posed. Consider my own case:

Being an enthusiastic saltwater angler, I was fortunate in marrying a girl who was equally so. But the arrival of two young members of the family created a touchy situation. My wife protested against baby sitting while I sallied forth as before, but alone, to enjoy week ends casting for stripers on the Cape.

The ultimate solution to our problem turned out to be our 1947 Ford V-8 Station Wagon, which we converted into a "beach buggy." We weren't the first to solve our week-end family fishing problem in this way. In fact we belong to a formal organization known as the Massachusetts Beach Buggy Association, which has about eight hundred members. Our code is to encourage safety on the Cape beaches, keeping them free of litter, and helping anyone in deep-sand difficulty.

Our own beach buggy had certain definite needs to fulfill. It must serve as a readily movable camp for sleeping, cooking, living. It must qualify as a refuge to the fisherman, his wife and children. It must transport not only the entire personnel, but all their gear and apparel. After much pencil-chewing, budget juggling and spare time carpentry, we now have in our '47 Station Wagon the "Fishing Family Beach Buggy" supreme.

On opening the tail gate of the wagon, we find a cabinet

Above left: The "buggy" at wind-swept Sandy Neck.

Below left: A few evening casts brought this fine catch.

built of plywood and finished to match the wood trim of the car. On the vertical face of this cabinet, or locker, are four cupboard doors which open to compartments for our two-burner Coleman gas cook stove, an ice box, food and swing-away can opener, and for cooking utensils and silver. In the middle section, between the compartments, rests a five-gallon water can with faucet. The lowered tail gate serves as a work shelf for the culinary "staff."

For sleeping arrangements, we built a wooden frame extending back from the rear of the front seat. This accommodates my wife and our two children while I—because of fishing most of the dark hours—stretch out for cat naps across the front seat.

Thus does our family go fishing and week-ending from one end of Cape Cod to the other. Ours is a rolling camp that is readily interchangeable for use during the work-a-day week or week-end adventuring. Needless to say the children love it. So do their parents! ■

The back of the station wagon is equipped as a kitchen.



Engineering Shortcut

photograph by Robert Boram



MACHINES that extrude damp clay like so much spaghetti streamline the work of clay modelers who build models of future Ford cars.

Working on designs that are years ahead of production, these workers mold clay over wooden bodies, or "bucks," to make three-dimensional renderings of contemplated styles. The models are made progressively in three sizes — $\frac{1}{8}$ th, $\frac{3}{8}$ ths, and full scale, the latter requiring about four months.

The shape of the extrusions is governed by aluminum discs in which slots of various designs are punched. Clay used in building experimental models is forced through these discs or dies to form strips that will simulate chrome work, instrument panel trim, door and window moldings, and other intricate shapes. The photograph

shows a technician handling a strip that will become decorative molding on a future car.

The workhorses in this new technique, which is at least ten times faster than the old hand method, are specialized machines developed by Ford.

Each unit has a three horsepower electric motor which drives a hydraulic oil pump at a constant speed of 1200 revolutions per minute. The pump operates a piston which forces clay through a cylindrical tube. The discs are clamped to the end of the tube.

The machines, under development for more than a year, are portable and have wall plug-in attachments. Working parts are made of cadmium-plated steel that permits operating pressures up to 1000 pounds per square inch. ■



Sleeping City in the Cascades—

INDEX, WASHINGTON

by Kenneth Gilbert . . . paintings by Rudolph Bundas

IN WESTERN Washington State there is a twenty-mile square of wild country, guarded by a ring of Cascade Mountain peaks, which probably contains more ghost towns and deserted cities than any comparable area on earth—Monte Cristo, Big Four, Mineral City, Galena. And by no means the least among them is Index.

Named for the looming mile-high peak, Mount Index, which pokes skyward like the massive forefinger of some half-buried giant, the town crouches between a cliff of pencil-granite and the boisterous north fork of the Skykomish River. Less than sixty miles from Seattle, easily reached by a short turn-off from U.S. Route 2, Index is the gateway to a land of majestic mountains and turbulent rivers, the region of the Snoqualmie National Forest. More than this, it is the gateway to a romantic past which will never be revived.

In apparent contradiction of the saying, "the good die young, the bad live on," this once-vigorous, brash and lively town began to show a ghostly pallor within the short span of thirty years. Born in 1890 when the Great Northern Railway was pushed to Puget Sound, Index in its best days boasted seven saloons, three hotels, and about six hundred citizens. But the population swelled considerably when the hard rock men from the Sunset Mine, the granite quarry, and the prospect holes on Troublesome, Goblin and Money creeks came

Above left: The lone tavern and general store on Main Street.

Below left: The granite quarry, last shaky industry in Index.



←*The new, one-roomed Index city hall and library.*

to town to renew their perennial feud with the loggers and sawmill hands. Pole-Ax Bill Painter, a hard rock man whose bellowing could be heard above the roar of the river as he approached, came in regularly to "take the town apart." He won his nickname during a battle with a formidable and almost-victorious logger, wresting victory from defeat by grabbing a pole-ax and chasing his foe into the woods.

Three fights underway simultaneously on Main Street was not an uncommon sight, yet Index stood for none of the usual frontier gunplay. A fight with fists and pick handles was good fun, a respected pastime; gun-slinging was regarded as immoral and plumb dangerous!

Possibly fifty or sixty persons now live in Index or along the river nearby. Two of the original three hotels have burned, the mines are closed, and the big sawmill is gone. The town's last shaky industry is the granite quarry which once produced paving stones and curbing for Seattle, and the magnificent blocks used in Seattle's main post office building. The quarry now turns out broken rock for powdering into chicken grit.

There are other signs of life. A one-roomed city hall has been built, "about big enough to swing a cat in," as one citizen put it. The cabin of Charles LeClair, a long-time resident, stands down the road so close to the river that he can fish for steelheads and rainbows from his front porch. Mrs. C. F. Doolittle, who came west with her father, Amos D. Gunn, the town's founder, still lives in Index. To the kindly pioneer woman, it will always be "my town."

Many of the ramshackle, unpainted buildings are collapsing one by one in sheer weariness, but glamorous memories linger in the minds of the old-timers. On warmish days the few who knew Index in its prime may be found hunkered down on the shaded log bench outside the town's lone store. Usually, too, there is a rapt audience of small fry hanging around.

"We had dozens of characters here in the old days," Lee Pickett will remark, "but one sticks out in my memory—Hobo, he was a queer one. Never gave us any trouble though, except

←*Charles LeClair's house on the bank of the Skykomish.*

when he was drunk. Train crews let him ride anywhere free, and he claimed it was because he was walking the track into Index once and found a bridge over the Skykomish had gone out. So he stayed and flagged down the next train, a limited that had Jim Hill, president of the Great Northern, aboard. Whether the yarn was true or not, the train crews believed it.

"But Hobo came to a sad end," Pickett goes on after shifting his bulk on the bench. "It happened on a Fourth of July. He'd overdone his celebrating, and we had to tuck him into the calaboose. That afternoon we had a band concert on Main Street, and the boys finally tackled *Little Annie Rooney*. Hobo listened for a spell, and then took off his suspenders and hanged himself. We never could make out whether he got sentimental over the tune and started brooding, or just couldn't stand to hear any more of that band's sour notes!"

Yet there is more than a romantic past to interest the tourist who turns off U.S. 2, known locally as Stevens Pass Highway. Where the south fork of the Skykomish joins the main river,

Eagle Falls, on the North Fork of the Skykomish River.



fishing, hiking, camping, mountain climbing, big-game hunting in season—all are offered. The “Sky” is a fine stream for rainbow trout, and is famous steelhead water. Some 80,000 eight-inch steelheads are released annually in the stream, to return in a few years as fighting lunkers weighing more than twenty pounds each. The steelhead season starts in December and continues through spring and summer, though there are several breaks to permit the fish to reach their spawning grounds.

For scenic beauty, the sheer grandeur of the steep-sloped mountains cannot be surpassed elsewhere in the Pacific Northwest. Bridal Veil Falls forms a shimmering cascade down the side of Mount Index; Sunset Falls and Eagle Falls are equally impressive. An easy but interesting ghost town hike takes the visitor from Index to abandoned Mineral City and over the hump to Monte Cristo. A good road leads from Index to Garland Hot Springs, a resort for those who wish to “take the waters.” And there is a side trip to Troublesome and Goblin creeks where fishermen will want to wet a line. Campsites are plentiful, and Money Creek Park, operated by the National Forest Service, makes an excellent overnight stop.

Back in Index the old-timers find the fishing and scenery commonplace. “I hear they’re going to bore into the side of the Sunset and let the water out,” Bradburn remarks, “Who knows? Index may boom again!”

The benchwarmers nod agreement. The Sunset once produced bornite, a high-grade copper ore; gold, silver, antimony, molybdenum, and other valuable minerals are found nearby; there’s good timber left back in the hills. It’s only a matter of waiting. Meanwhile a ghost town atmosphere broods there.

In the silence of the mountain evening, underlaid only by the distant roar of the river, it may seem to the old-timers that the place isn’t dead, but merely sleeping. The stillness is broken by an eerie bellowing that hurries through the gorge, echoes bouncing off Mount Index to Gunn’s Peak to Red Mountain and the Spires, locomotive wheels thundering against rail-joints. The evening streamliner is coming through.

The old-timers know better—they’ve heard that warning bellow before. Pole-Ax Bill and his fighting pals have returned to “take the town apart!”





A Slow Easel through ARKANSAS

story and paintings by Louis Freund

I WAS SKETCHING in the little crossroad town of Osage, Arkansas, and in the hot sun I soon raised a thirst. I asked a young fellow standing by, "Where can I find a cold Coke?" In a disgusted tone of voice he replied, "We ain't got no ice, we ain't got no Coke, we ain't got nothin'." Last summer, and sixteen years later, I stood on the porch of the general store with cold Coke from an electric refrigerator

*Upper left: Proceeds from this store sent two boys through college;
lower left: Main Street, Osage; above: Main Street, Marble
—general store, lodge, post office, and dwellings in one building.*

Old house that provides bachelor quarters for the Norfolk teacher→

and mused on what Osage had gained in comfort and convenience—and had probably lost in character.

People, houses, towns have faces that make them distinct and different. I like faces of people and I also like the old houses which, next to their faces, express the character of the folks who built them. In Arkansas I found houses with rooms, lean-to's, dog trots, and porches added as the need arose, and shapes were formed that no architect ever dreamed of. Unfortunately, today, many pioneer cabins are falling into decay, the old stage coach houses have gone, and many of the blacksmith shops and false-front grocery stores are disappearing. Osage had had its face lifted, and I was disappointed.

My first sketching trip to Arkansas was made in a forty-dollar Model T touring car with the first "Stowaway" seat in Ford history. Taking a can opener, I had cut the front seat down both sides to fold back and make a bed. It was 1936, and a dollar saved on lodging meant six or seven gallons of gasoline.

One of the best ways to meet interesting characters is to drive a Model T. Hijacking hitchhikers obviously never pick on Model T owners. Once I carried to Yellville a half-witted boy who had been struck by lightning while riding on a mule in a rainstorm. It killed the mule, and it hadn't seemed to do the boy very much good either. He had a clipping to prove his story, and he wanted to get the occurrence in Ripley's "Believe It or Not."

By the side of a dusty road I met an eighty-year-old man carrying a shiny sample case. He had been in an automobile accident and in the hospital for many months. Never trusting the banks in those days, the old fellow had buried his savings under a tree in his back yard. When he returned from the hospital to pay his bills, he dug up the tin can and found his money gone. When I saw him, he had answered a newspaper ad and decided to recoup his fortune by peddling extracts. This was his first trip, and when I left him on the sidewalk of a Mena street, there was fire in his eye.

The cabin with moss-covered roof and outside stairs with balcony→



A cabin near Marshall—the fence was decorated with tobacco tins→

In small communities the store played an important role. Post office and supply depot, the country store answered the need for a public forum. Generally the storekeeper acted as moderator and the problems of the world were solved around the cracker barrel, or in winter, the potbellied stove. One of my friends once surprised a barefooted storekeeper near St. Paul reading "Mein Kampf" between waiting on customers. I'll bet the boys around the barrel got a good briefing that evening. In my own research I did stumble across a character who was immersed in "The Four Great Tragedies of Shakespeare" while swinging barefoot in a stave hammock, but he turned out to be the local school teacher brushing up on his English lesson.

My favorite store in all Arkansas was blown down several years ago in a tornado. The general store in Marble was a double two-story structure with large belfry over the Odd-fellows Hall at one end. The post office was located downstairs and next to it the second building with store and upstairs apartment. The whole ensemble was tied together with a covered porch high enough to allow produce to be unloaded from a wagon bed.

Underneath the porch, in the coolness of the shade, rested a motley collection of pigs, chickens, dogs, ducks, and other town fauna which wandered about in complete freedom. Marshall Field's of Chicago, in all its glory, was never arrayed like this.

In a tumbledown store and blacksmith shop combination, loaded with signs and patched with tin, I found an elderly Negro couple who, with the proceeds of this venture, had sent two sons through college. One of the sons distinguished himself in World War II and attained the rank of major.

But my favorite subjects were the houses—what stories these log structures might tell if given a tongue. One old-timer who lived in a cabin with outside stairway told me of cold winter nights when as a boy he and his brother would sleep under the clapboard roof with snow sifting onto the blankets.

The village smithy at Conway, under a spreading mulberry tree→



In the early dawn a quick dash down the stairway to a blazing fireplace below gave added adventure to getting up in the morning. The moss-covered roof, after seventy-five years of service, was still as sound as a dollar, and so was the old-timer himself.

A couple sitting on a cabin porch near Marshall were discussing the reasons why I had asked to sketch their cabin. Would my making a picture of their house raise their taxes? Perhaps I might sell the painting for a thousand dollars. These interesting conjectures were not intended for my ears, but the wind was in my direction. Before my wife and I left the scene, we were persuaded to buy melons, squash, potatoes, and tomatoes in order to realize something on their investment. I still wish I could sell the painting.

In my 1949 Ford station wagon (unlike my Model T, it has a tendency to get hung up in creek beds) I drove down the road from Osage where once I had observed five people on the back of the same mule slowly making their way into town. In a field a young man was plowing with a shiny red tractor. In the far distance a four-motored passenger plane was stepping it up toward Little Rock. The symbol of the axe had given way to the iconography of the internal combustion engine.





painting by Cathrine Barr

The Queen of Okoboji—

a one-picture story

OKOBOJI is a clear and sparkling lake in Dickinson County, Iowa, the center of an Iowa vacationland; and plying the lake's blue waters is the *Queen*, a jaunty, steam-driven double-decker that is seventy years old this year. Chugging from pier to pier, she picks up passengers wherever the flag is out—some headed for Arnolds Park, others just out for the cruise past the fine beaches and along Gull Point State Park.

"About twice a year," notes the skipper, Captain Roy Roff, "a small boy hoists his shirt up a dock flagpole to see if the *Queen* will stop—likely thinking he's the first to do so."

Launched in 1884, the *Queen* of Okoboji has outlived four sister ships and shows no signs of retiring. ■

TIME OUT AMONG THE BIG TREES

by Don May . . . photographs by J. R. Challacombe

IF YOU are one of today's tired citizens, harassed by twentieth-century problems, you *can* get away from it all—in fact, you can get 3500 years away—in Sequoia National Park.

Here in the Sierra Nevada of southern California, groves of *Sequoia gigantea*, the oldest living things on earth, have been preserved. And these incredible trees now stand as they have always stood: straight, strong, rugged, red-barked. Through their gnarled elbow-like branches the silent wind moves, and at their feet the dogwood and aspen bloom. Mule deer and bears nibble unafraid at tender new shoots, as snow melts into tricklets and sparkling streams make new paths across the ground, as if drawing some magic line to mark where spring and winter met this year. Somehow, as you stand here, new strength comes to your body and new spirit to your soul, as if by reflection from the giants that surround you.

The gateway town to Sequoia National Park is Three Rivers, on State Highway 198. The road twists as it slowly climbs upward toward the park. It's high gear road, but many stop along the way for spring water, and for a view of the changing vegetation: from near-desert yellow earth to scrub oak and aspen and red rock, to green ponderosa pines

The Boole Tree, at the edge of Kings Canyon, dwarfs other species→



and granite peaks. Around the last turn, high on top of the highest mountain, we can seek the dark green of the virgin Sequoia forest—this stalwart, strong old world, lost and primitive, six thousand feet above the confusion of the twentieth century.

The park entrance is marked by a rustic redwood sign with an Indian profile representing Chief Sequoyah, the Cherokee scholar who devised an alphabet for his people and for whom the Big Trees were named. Beyond the ranger station, at Giant Forest headquarters, the trees are bigger . . . dark trunks of ponderosa pines among a hundred shades of yellow and blue-green catching sunlight and shadow and changing like a kaleidoscope.

Around the next turn we shout for joy, and jam on the brakes. Here before us, bright orange in the sun and big as a giant, is our first Sequoia. We jump out and run toward it, throw our arms around it—but alas, this is no tree, this is a house! Its size we cannot believe. It feels hairy like a bear. Its bark is soft and lies in large flat chunks over the trunk. It seems warm, alive, almost human. It towers firm and erect like a quiet god who has stood there for centuries. Have pity on finite us!

And the trees do have pity, for nestled among the tallest is Giant Forest Village. Here are food and lodging for the body; oil, gas and garage for the car; trips by horseback, foot, or bus; museum and auditorium; ranger station and guides; an outdoor bowl for evening programs. Here, and elsewhere along the Generals Highway through the park, are varied accommodations, from tent and trailer camps to rustic redwood cabins and bungalow tent cottages. Since only a very small portion of the park is accessible by automobile, a hiker's camp at Bearpaw Meadow, eleven miles by trail from Giant Forest, is popular. Guides and outfitters are available for still deeper penetration into the park's many thousands of acres of wilderness, for some of the best scenery and fishing.

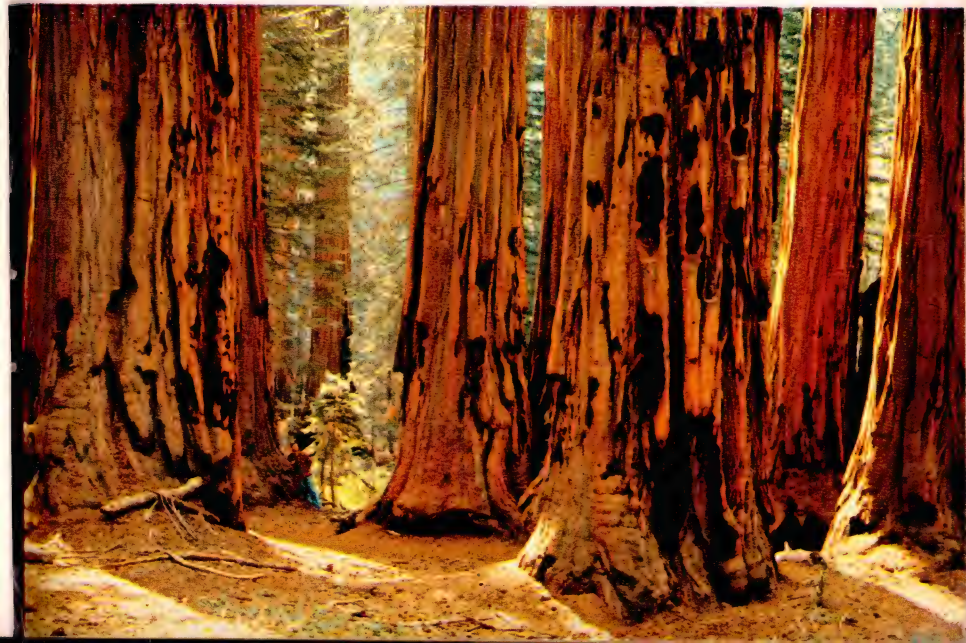
But there is much that can be seen by automobile and short walks: the General Sherman tree, at least 3500 years old and officially, at least, the largest living Sequoia—272.4 feet high and 30.7 feet in diameter; Morro Rock, a massive granite

dome with a stairway giving access to the magnificent views from its summit; Tokopah Valley with its towering cliffs and waterfalls; Tharp's Log—a fallen Sequoia in which the pioneer, Hale Tharp, lived and where John Muir was a guest; a Sequoia log that you can drive on, and another you can drive through. Short drives bring you to other sights just outside the park—notably the Boole Tree. Counted the third largest of the living Big Trees, it stands spectacularly alone on the edge of Kings Canyon, in Sequoia National Forest, surrounded by stumps of its fellows which were devastated by ruthless lumbering.

A week end, or a vacation, spent at Sequoia is only a beginning, for Sequoia is history itself, an old civilization that is as eternally new and varied as tomorrow morning. You can return again and again at all seasons and still experience fresh pleasure, and each time you return to man's world from these forests of giants you can say with the poet:

"Today I have grown taller from walking with the trees." ■

In the Congress Group, Sequoia National Park.



They're Panning for Gold Again

story and photographs by Verne Williams

THEY'RE PANNING for gold again in the Colorado hills. Nobody's getting rich, but they're having fun. Where once grizzled prospectors made million-dollar finds, modern week-end panners are content to take a couple dollars' worth of dust for an afternoon's washing.

The most popular sites of operation are along streams which flow through the fabulous bonanza strikes of yesteryear, like Cripple Creek, California Gulch and Central City. No matter how many times they've been panned before, each spring or summer flash floods deposit a certain amount of fresh gold along the stream. So widespread has the hobby become that one Denver firm now puts out gold panning kits complete with a book of instructions and a map of gold-bearing areas.

Given a stream in a likely area, the panner looks for sandbars with dark streaks of black sand, which indicate a spot where the stream has been dropping heavier minerals. If there is gold in the stream bed, it should be in the black streaks, most likely toward the upstream end.

The first step is to scoop up a panful of sand from the stream and dump it in the gold pan. The pan is next filled with water by holding it just under the surface of the stream. If you slosh it around very gently the current will carry away most of the mud which clouds the water at first. The trick is to remember that all you are really trying to do is settle the heaviest sand—including the gold—to the bottom. When you

*Above right: Week-end prospectors on North Clear Creek, near Central City.
Below right: Spring floods renew gold deposits along Colorado's streams.*



Some prospectors use a magnet in the separation process→

have worked the original panful down to a couple of tablespoons, it's time to look for the gold, which should show up as tiny dull yellow specks at the upper end of your washings. And it doesn't take very much to make a "show of color," as prospectors call it.

Of course, your first effort at panning will not turn up anything but black sand and a few valueless grains of such heavy minerals as zircon and garnet. Nonetheless, dump this little batch of washings—"concentrates," prospectors call them—on a sheet of paper and save them.

Take another shovelful from a new place on the same sandbar and pan it down to a tablespoon or two of concentrates. Examine it for gold and then add it to the other batch on your sheet of paper. Do this at least four or five times.

After your sandbar has thus been properly sampled, combine all the little batches of concentrates you have been saving and put them back in your gold pan. Wash these carefully just as you have been doing before. Now, if there is any gold at all in the sandbar, some should show up.

There are several ways to thin your concentrates even further. The Denver firm puts a powerful little magnet in its prospecting kits. After your tablespoon of concentrates has been dried so that the grains do not cling together, the magnet can be used to pick up the black sand or magnetite. The gold, as well as certain other minerals, will remain behind.

The U. S. mint or its licensed agents will buy unrefined gold dust for \$35 an ounce. However, the hobbyist may prefer to keep his as a souvenir. Under the law he can do so up to a limit of 200 ounces.

Unless you spend a few week ends at it, you probably won't get much more than enough to fill a tooth or two. But who knows? You might be as lucky as a pair of college boys who showed up in Denver several years ago. They had taken out nearly \$5000 worth of placer gold in one summer.

Where? Well, when asked, one of them gave the classic answer. "Oh, back in them thar hills," he said. ■

Successful panners pouring unrefined gold dust into vials→





Left: The two campers are cooking on an "altar fire," notched green logs supporting mud-lined fire box. Behind them a camper is baking biscuits in a reflector oven, which is set in front of a fire built for that purpose. Right: A dish-washing rig is made from lengths of sapling lashed with binder twine. One of the girls is sanitizing the dishes by putting them in a mesh bag and dipping them in hot water.

TECHNIQUES

AS DEVELOPED BY THE
Efficiencies and Economies in Camping.

Chuck box is lashed between two trees (only one is visible) and supported by lengths of sapling. The front lets down to form a working surface supported by a forked stick.

A sapling stuck in the ground, with branches cut to six-inch length, makes a convenient clothes tree. The bulletin board is tied to tree because nails are damaging to tree trunk.





FOR CAMPERS

GIRL SCOUT CARAVAN

See complete story on following pages

Hand-washing setup consists of two (or more) large tin cans of water slung from length of sapling which is supported by a forked stick at one end and lashed to tree at other.

A work table set at the proper height is very important for doing the camp chores efficiently. This table holds supplies for crafts projects—the girl is copying ditty-bag at left.





← Details from these color pictures are explained on pages 48 and 49. Picture at left shows Scout using wooden mallet to pound the hand-whittled tent pegs.

Girl Scout Camping Caravan

by Mrs. George S. Dunham

Chairman, National Camp Committee

Girl Scouts of the U. S. A.

EARLY last spring, the Girl Scouts of the U. S. A. embarked on an unusual educational project known as a Camping Caravan. Using a Ford Country Sedan, two officials of the Girl Scout national staff set out on a three-year tour of the U. S. to teach the principles of primitive camping to Scout leaders all over the country.

"Primitive camping" is the name given to a kind of camping in which low cost and simplicity are the guiding motives. It is a kind of camping suitable to all climates, seasons, and terrains. Instead of depending on such physical installations as cabins, fireplaces, and plumbing, it stresses the kind of equipment that campers can make themselves. The purpose of the Camping Caravan is to teach Girl Scout leaders how to train girls to make their own primitive camping equipment and use it properly.

Examples of this equipment, which was developed by the Girl Scout organization for the express purpose of bringing camping within the reach of everyone, are shown in the two pictures opposite and in the pictures opposite page 53. Details from these color pictures are shown on the preceding two pages.

The altar fire and the reflector demonstrate two of the many ways of cooking in the absence of stoves or fireplaces. An altar fire provides a safety element by limiting the fire's area and

← Under the shelter-flap of the lightweight Baker tent a camper opens a wooden tool chest designed by Miss Hammett and made to her specifications by a handy-man.



A primitive camping setup is both convenient and rustic.
← *With little need for items from sporting goods stores, the campers have achieved neatness as well as sanitation.*

making it possible to cook without stooping over flames. The reflector, a device commonly used in the pre-cook-stove era, reflects heat for baking and roasting.

Among the techniques of primitive camping is the avoidance of lumber and nails. As the pictures illustrate, the campers are liberal in the use of rope and saplings. By lashing their self-made equipment to trees, they are able to avoid the damage caused by nails, and by making as many things as possible from cut saplings, they avoid the need for carrying items from one camp to the next. Wood for lashing is gathered where woods need thinning or lower branches should be cut. To avoid danger to camper or damage to trees, saws often are used instead of hatchets or axes.

The director of the Caravan, Miss Catherine T. Hammett, who is president of the American Camping Association, has designed plywood chests with rope handles to hold equipment. A wooden tool chest contains all the tools needed for primitive camping, such as saws, hammer, pliers, pruning shears, hatchet and axe. Other items which are stored in their own home-made chests are tents and groundcloths, rucksacks and bedrolls, cooking utensils, books. A galvanized garbage can serves as a marauder-proof food storage depot or a capacious water-tank. The Country Sedan comfortably holds all this primitive camping gear for a team of eight campers.

In back of the Camping Caravan and its educational program is a major tenet of Girl Scout philosophy—that camping provides girls with ideal conditions for developing resourcefulness and good citizenship. The organization also looks on primitive camping as a constructive parent-child activity, in which whole families can make plans over winter, prepare much of their gear, then spend happy, low-cost camping vacations.

A Ford Country Sedan easily carries all Camping Caravan gear for eight campers. At the left is the tool chest, next a rucksack. The chest at right holds books.



americamera |

Windsor's Festival Year

by Ted Douglas

photograph by Jack Dalglish

THIS YEAR marks a double anniversary in the history of Windsor, Ontario—it is her hundredth birthday, and the golden jubilee of her automobile industry.

The birthday party commemorates the establishment of Windsor as a village in 1854, although settlement by the white man dates back another hundred years when a priest, Father Pierre Potier, crossed the river from Fort Detroit to form a mission there among the Indians. By 1854 the inhabitants numbered less than one thousand, but the town grew steadily, if unspectacularly, following much the same pattern as her older sister across the border. In fifty years the population

reached about 15,000, and a distillery, a brewery and two drug companies were doing business there.

Perhaps Windsor's "most important year" was 1904, for it marked the beginning of the automobile industry in Canada, and it set a new course for the city's economic development. It was in 1904 that Gordon McGregor organized the Ford Motor Company of Canada, and converted a failing wagon works to the manufacture of automobiles. Windsor's economy boomed, and by the twenties Windsor people boasted that one new industry a week was settling there. She became Canada's tenth city, the fourth in manufacturing, and the automobile capital of the British Empire. This year Ford of Canada celebrates its Golden Jubilee in the midst of spending \$38,000,000 to improve its Windsor plants, and has joined the Windsor Centennial Festival in a ten-month program that concludes October 11, Canada's Thanksgiving Day.

Festivities have thus far taken in such varied events as musical and theatrical programs, sports tournaments, picnics, conventions, a square dance competition, a beard-growing contest, and the 1954 Miss Canada pageant. Transportation Week, in August, will feature a race of antique autos down the full length of Ouellette Avenue. The Ford pictured here—with Detroit visible across the mile-wide Detroit River—is said to be the twenty-first to come down the line fifty years ago.

Sports Day is August 21; Ford of Canada's Jubilee Panorama in Jackson Park is on both August 21 and 22. Participating in the several parades will be Windsor's famed Essex Scottish Regiment. Scheduled to conclude the events early in October is the Centennial Harvest Festival. A permanent result of the Festival will be the development of Windsor's downtown river front land; during 1954 a capital gifts campaign has been raising funds for a civic auditorium and convention hall that will complement Detroit's new civic center on the north shore. The mayor of Windsor (the only Canadian city south of the U.S. border) extends a special invitation to American visitors "to come down, this year, and join the fun."



A complete schedule of events can be obtained from the Windsor Centennial Festival, Inc., 44 Wyandotte Street East, Windsor, Ontario.



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Barbara Dean's For over twenty-five years this restaurant located in a converted Victorian home has been owned and operated by members of the Knapp family. Guests on the dining porch enjoy looking out over the beautiful garden to the sea. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily. Overnight accommodations. It is less than a half-mile from junction of U.S. 1 on U.S. 1A (Shore Road), Ogunquit, Maine. Open June 15 to September 15.

MOLASSES BLUEBERRY SPONGE CAKE

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening (some butter). Blend in 1 cup molasses. Beat in egg. Sift together 1 tablespoon soda, 1 teaspoon each: salt, clove, cinnamon and nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour. Beat all together then add 1 cup boiling water and beat thoroughly. Fold in 1 cup blueberries and bake in 9-inch

square pan in 350° oven for 40 minutes. Serve hot with blueberry sauce, topped with whipped cream. Serves 12.

BLUEBERRY SAUCE

Bring to a boil 1 pint blueberries, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar and a dash of nutmeg. Mix together 2 tablespoons corn starch with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water and add to blueberry mixture. Cook until clear.

←*painting of Barbara Dean's by George Shellhase*

←*painting of the Blacksmith Shop by E. B. Warren*

The Blacksmith Shop A real old blacksmith's forge where the chef broils native lobster and fish or meats is the center of interest at this harbor-front restaurant in Rockport, Massachusetts. It is also famous for its Anadama bread made from an old New England recipe. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily, except Monday. Open May 15 to October 15.

FROZEN GINGER ALE SALAD

1 tablespoon plain gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup ginger ale, heated
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups ginger ale, cold
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seedless grapes
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup celery, chopped
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple, crushed
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup preserved ginger, chopped
Lettuce

Cream mayonnaise ($\frac{1}{2}$ whipped cream and $\frac{1}{2}$ mayonnaise)

Soak gelatin in cold water and dissolve in heated ginger ale. Stir in lemon juice and cold ginger ale. Place in the refrigerator to set. When it begins to stiffen, add the celery and fruit and put back in refrigerator to set. Serve on high beds of lettuce cut square and garnish with cream mayonnaise.



Bruno's, at 161 Summit Avenue in Jersey City, New Jersey, is located on the old Pope country estate, a famous landmark of the town. Bruno Valeo, owner and manager, is noted for his warm hospitality and the fine food he serves. Lunch and dinner daily until 2:00 a.m.

**ROULADE OF STEER FILET
MIGNON**

1 4-pound steer filet, trimmed
½ pound prosciutto (Italian ham),
sliced paper thin
14 slices bacon

STUFFING

2 hard boiled eggs
2 cups dry bread crumbs
½ teaspoon Italian oregano
1 clove garlic (chopped fine)
2 teaspoons parsley, chopped

½ onion, chopped
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut trimmed filet in ½-pound pieces and flatten out to ¼-inch thickness. Place layer of Prosciutto over filet steaks. Combine filling ingredients and place over filets. Roll up making sure stuffing cannot ooze out. Wrap each with 2 slices of bacon and hold together with toothpicks. Broil 7-10 minutes, turn once or twice. Serves 6-8. At Bruno's it is served topped with mushroom sauce.

←*painting of Bruno's by Helen Fleming*

←*painting of Stone's Restaurant by Sidney Fossum*

Stone's Restaurant at 509 South Third, in Marshalltown, Iowa, is rated high by gourmets for its fine food. It has been owned and operated by the Stone family since 1887. Lunch and dinner are served from 11:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m., except Monday.

LEMON CHIFFON PIE

4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 cup sugar
1 lemon, juice
1 lemon rind, grated
Salt to taste
1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
4 egg whites, beaten
1 9-inch pie shell, baked
Whipped cream for topping

Cook yolks, ½ cup of sugar, lemon and salt in double boiler,

stirring constantly until the consistency of thick custard. Soak gelatin in cold water until dissolved, add to hot custard and cool. Beat egg whites stiff, but not dry. Beat in ½ cup of sugar gradually and then beat again. Fold cooled custard into beaten egg whites. Pour into pie shell and chill three hours. Serve topped with whipped cream.



Bruin Inn An excellent rustic eating place located in a beautiful setting beside Helen Hunt Falls in North Cheyenne Canyon at Colorado Springs, Colorado. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served every day. Reservations advisable at height of season. Open from the first of May to the first of October.

**GROUND ROUND STEAK
DANISH STYLE**

1½ pound ground round steak
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 medium bunch chives,
chopped fine
2 large kale leaves, chopped fine

½ cup milk

1 egg

Blend well and divide into desired number of portions. Then either broil or fry in butter as you would a regular hamburger steak.

←*painting of Bruin Inn by Edgar Britton*

←*painting of Swedish Farmhouse by Marion Maxfield*

Swedish Farmhouse Patterned after the owners' home in Sweden, this charming eating place is in Tahoe City, California, on State Highway 89, just across from the city golf course on the lake shore. Dinner served from 5:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. daily, from June 15 through September 15.

FLÄSKKARRE

5 pound loin of pork
12 dried prunes, whole
12 dried apricots, whole
12 fresh apple slices, dipped in salt
1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper
24 cloves (whole)
1 tablespoon brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Have butcher prepare roast for stuffing. Stuff with a mixture of dried prunes, apricots and fresh apple slices. Rub

outside of loin with salt and pepper and roast in 300° oven uncovered for about 1½ hours or until lightly browned. Then remove from oven and stud with cloves and sprinkle with a mixture of brown sugar and cinnamon. Add 2 cups of water in bottom of roasting pan. Cover and return to oven for about one hour. Serve meat in 1-inch thick slices topped with slightly thickened gravy made from juice in pan. Serves eight generously.

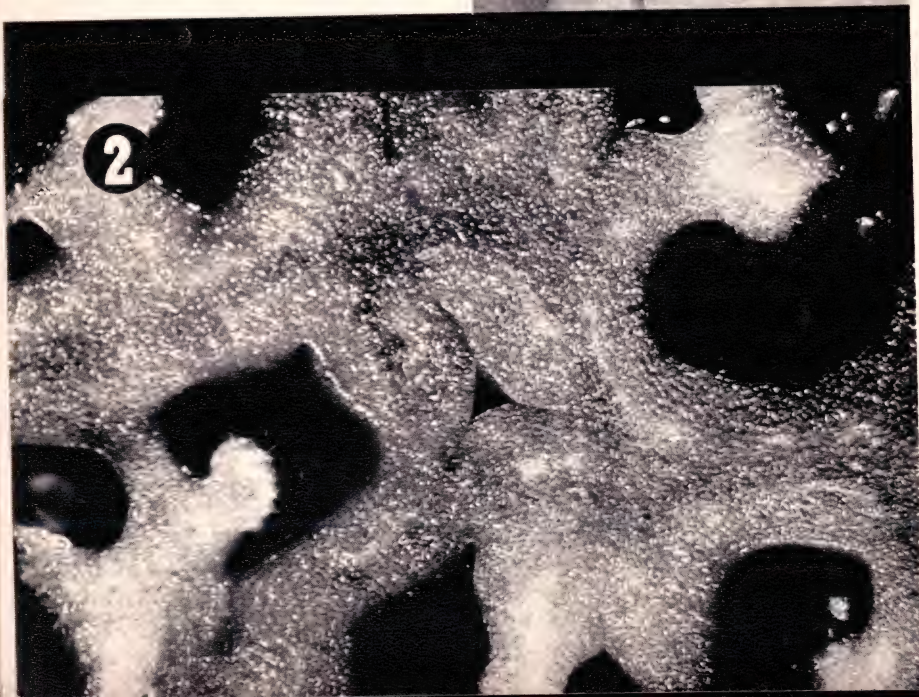
GAME SECTION

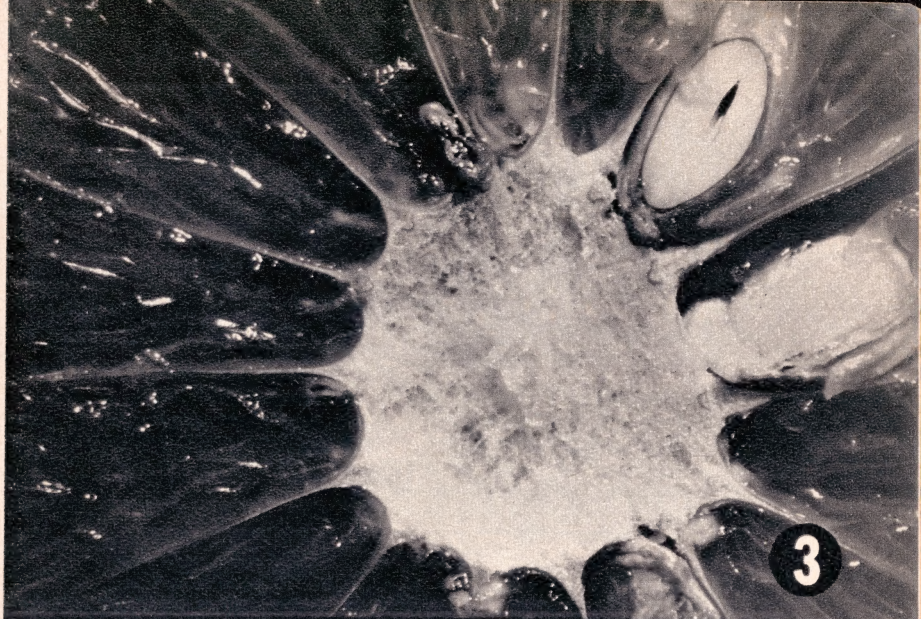
What Is It?

These objects might well be fresh from your garden or market. See how many you can identify. Answers below.

Photos by Joe Farkas

-
- 4 green pepper
 - 3 grapefruit
 - 2 tomato
 - 1 onion





Contributors



Speaking of the cartoon by Partch that he uses for his letterhead, CLYDE CARLEY says, "It isn't a good likeness—I don't wear a bow tie now." It should serve, nevertheless, to identify the author of the



story on *Broken Arrow* (page 10) whose genial face is shown somewhat more literally in the photograph. For ten years Mr. Carley was an associate editor of *True*, and then, because he couldn't stand New York any longer, he had a friend buy a place for him in *Broken Arrow*. "It has to be your favorite town," he says, "if you're willing to move there without seeing the place." Now he and his wife (both natives of other Oklahoma towns) and three daughters and a son live there. As a freelance writer, Mr. Carley has appeared in *Reader's Digest* and other national publications.

The paintings that go with the *Broken Arrow* story are the work of CHARLES BANKS WILSON, a native of Oklahoma. He says of himself: "I got my schooling at the Chicago Art Institute beginning in 1936 when Thomas Hart Benton and Grant Wood were on the crest. I always thought they had the right idea and that was the foundation I tried to build on. If I am known at all it is because of my work on contemporary Indian life in Oklahoma, and my pictures of the subject are in the Metropolitan, Library of Congress, and other museums. However, I have illustrated



books about most of this country and Canada and I teach art at Northwestern Oklahoma A. & M."



This is LOUIS FREUND (pronounced "friend") who wrote and illustrated the

story on *Arkansas* which appears on page 33. The lady is Elsie, his wife, who helps to round out an enviable life—teaching at DeLand University, Florida, in the winter, and painting in Arkansas in the summer. Their Arkansas home is called *Hatchet Hall* because it was once the home of Carrie Nation, the axe-wielding saloon buster. Mr. Freund studied in St. Louis and in Paris, among other places, and has exhibited pictures in some of the most important museums in the country.



“KATY” is the universal nickname for the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad, the name deriving from the road’s last two initials—KT. At Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, in harmony with western tradition, the “Katy” depot stands directly across from the grain elevator. The scene is pictured above in a watercolor by Charles Banks Wilson. The story of the town, its people and philosophy begins on page 10. It is written with affection by Clyde Carley, who purchased his home in Broken Arrow sight unseen—from New York. ■

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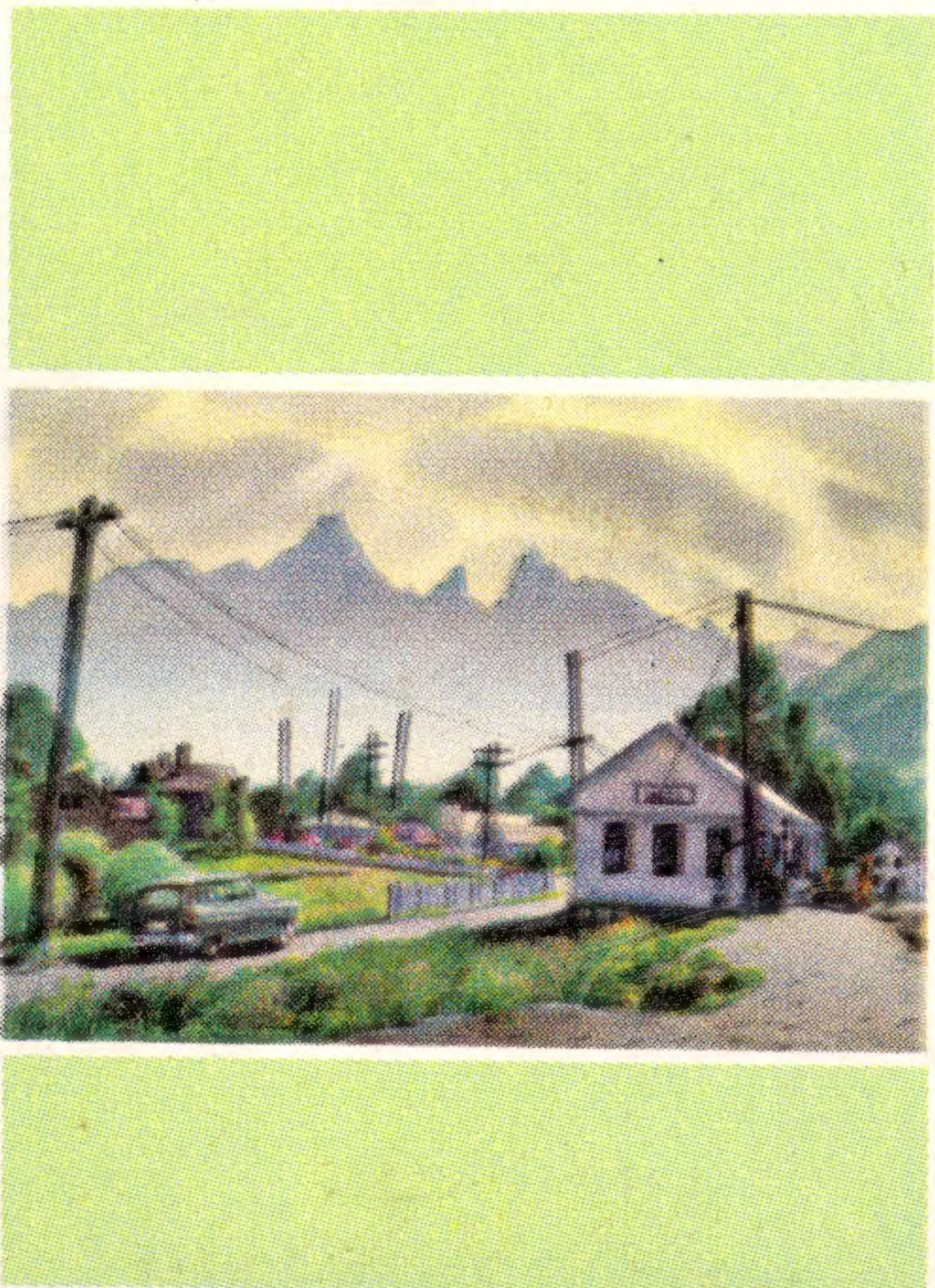
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Front cover—A morning view of Index, Washington, with Gunn Peak dominating the scene. Rudolph Bundas painted the watercolors accompanying Kenneth Gilbert's story on the town. (Page 26.)

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